

FAMOUS TIBETAN EXPLORER



Dr. Sven Hedin's second journey of exploration in Tibet is likely to prove of the greatest value. So much material has the doctor collected, indeed, that he has stated it will be three or four years before he has worked up all the information gained regarding tracts hitherto unknown to the western world. During a considerable part of his journey the explorer went disguised as a common Ladhaki, his hands and face darkened with paint. When strangers were met he drove the baggage animals and sheep, as the inferior servant of the apparent head of the caravan, and was known as "Haji Baba." On several occasions the real business of the party was suspected by the Tibetans, and the doctor had several narrow escapes.

HUNTERS ON WHEELS

SHOOTING QUAIL FROM CAR IS THE LATEST.

Sportsmen Making Tour of Old Mexico in Automobile, Start Up Wonderful Coveys of Fat Birds "Thick as Brees."

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Quail—honest Injun, they're as thick as bees in a hive!" exclaimed ex-Mayor M. P. Snyder, telling of his latest hunting trip in Old Mexico.

There were three of us, in Mr. De Camp's 16-horse auto—C. E. De Camp, A. A. Bird and myself. Once you go hunting fat, juicy quail in a 60-horse-power auto all other ways seem tame, flat and unprofitable.

We whizzed down to Tia Juana, expecting to be gone one day. We were reported missing by the police one week and were sorry then that the time was so short.

In old Mexico, you know, there is no open ground. You must have a permit to shoot from the owner. Happily we had an introduction to Garcia, who has an 18,000-acre rancho near Ensenada. He fixed it for us, obligingly.

At the customs house we had to put up a stiff bond for the guns and automobile, and 1½ cents for each shot. A pretty penny, yes, but the trip was worth it. The roads were fairly good. Then came the rain. I thought the end of the world had come. Hain? It poured down in buck of us, I believe.

"Big game?" There is none. But one fellow reported five deer the week before. We were after quail and they are there by the thousands. You could all but knock them over with a stout stick. The whirr of their wings made music all week. I never saw so many fat quail in all my life and never expect to again.

On our return we could pass through the custom house only 25 birds apiece.

For two days and two nights, none of us even so much as washed our faces. You know what a ranch house is in Old Mexico? The whole family uses it and the best we could do, as guests, was to be put in a small abattoir house, in the rear. There were no beds, no bedding, and no fire. We wrapped the drapery of the automobile round us and fell into the peaceful slumber that visits those whose consciences are without an of-fending word.

We nearly froze to death at night. It was cold enough to grow icicles in

that little rear house, but we were shooting so many quail that we had to sit up half the night telling of our big work with the guns. Our talk kept us warm.

"Tire troubles?" Well, yes; one "busted," and it kept us busy for a long time, changing to a new one. Then, we lost all the screws out of our universal joint, which set us back two long, lonesome hours, filled with gray thoughts and an occasional cuss word in frontier Spanish.

"It was, of course, rough on us to sleep in auto robes, shoes and overcoats. We apologized for it to Garcia every morning. I think he noticed that we were not washing our faces. We felt guilty, but had a bully good time, and think Old Mexico is the only place for an auto hunting trip, after fat juicy quail. Say, once again, the quail are, honest Injun, as thick as bees in a hive. It makes my mouth water to think of it."

GETS \$5,000 JOB BY ACCIDENT.

Reporter, Nominated to Fill Reform Ticket Vacancy, Wins.

Philadelphia—Given three weeks' leave of absence from his paper that he might act during the campaign as secretary of a "Philadelphia party," a reform movement in opposition to the Republican city organization, Frank J. Gorman, 24 years old, a reporter, was nominated at the last minute for county commissioner to fill up the ticket. The completion of the county showed that Gorman had slipped into a job that will pay him \$5,000 a year for the next three years.

About all a county commissioner in Pennsylvania has to do is to see that the election ballots are printed correctly and have general supervision over the election officers. Three are elected in each county every three years—two by the majority party the third place going to the minority candidate who polls the larger vote of the two nominated by his party. It was in this way that young Gorman got in.

Gorman was graduated from the high school only three years ago, and has been a reporter ever since. He was married in August. He will be the youngest man ever chosen county commissioner.

An Everlasting Trail.

Woman may some time win the right to vote, but she will never cease to hide things under the bed tick.

GOOD BOY FINDS GOLD.

Preferred Industry to Circus, and Discovered a Mine.

Charlotte, N. C.—Choosing rather to pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred pounds than to enjoy the pleasures of a circus for a season, Master Gilbert Teeter, 11 years of age, who lives near Matthews, in Mecklenburg county, found a gold mine in the cotton patch.

"Gilbert," said his father, the day before the circus came to Charlotte, "you can go to the circus in Charlotte tomorrow, if you want to, or you can stay home and pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred."

"If I were you I would go and see the circus," said his mother.

"But this pretty cotton, weather will not last long, mother," said Gilbert, "and Daddy wants to get it all in as quick as he can."

So while the big tent went up and the lion roared and the elephants paraded and the camels humped themselves and the railrope sang its smoky song and the clown acted the fool and the red-legged lady on the white horse jumped through the burning hoop, and while all the rest of the Mecklenburg children watched the three rings with wide-open eyes, Gilbert Teeter, future captain of industry, stayed cheerfully at home and picked cotton. As he pushed the fluffy staple into his tow-sack he spied a shiny something where the people had been digging out rock to make a macadam road.

"I'll show these to Daddy," said Gilbert Teeter, as he picked up two shiny lumps. He put them in his pocket along with three six-penny shingle-nails, a slate pencil, a few skate marbles and other country boy impediments.

"By George, that's gold!" said old man Teeter as Gilbert unloaded his yellow nuggets that night. A Charlotte jeweler said so, too, and paid Gilbert \$20.70 for the nuggets. Besides, he had made 53 cents picking 109 pounds of cotton, and now he has \$21.23 deposited in a Charlotte bank.

CIGAR HELPED WIN BATTLE.

Gen. U. S. Grant's Son Gives an Incident of Fort Donelson.

Detroit, Mich.—Maj. Gen. Fred D. Grant, who is presiding at the court-martial now in session at Fort Wayne, in the western suburbs of the city, is said to have the stub of the cigar that helped his father, U. S. Grant, in winning the battle of Fort Donelson. Speaking of this incident Gen. Grant said:

"My father was in conference with Admiral Foote on the latter's flagship and had just accepted a cigar from the admiral when word came to him that the left flank of his force was being repulsed. Hurrying ashore and galloping on a fleet horse to the battlefield he succeeded in rallying his forces so completely that chaos was turned into victory. Gen. Buckner had to comply with my father's demand for an unconditional surrender."

"The newspapers took up the fact that father had rushed from the warship to the battlefield without taking Admiral Foote's cigar from his mouth. The dispatches from the front told how father had come onto the battlefield cool and collected and peacefully smoking a long, black cigar."

SOLVES TRAMP PROBLEM.

Jail Clears Vagrant Gentry from Woodbury.

Woodbury, N. J.—Woodbury will endeavor to settle the tramp question this winter and every one arrested from now on will be sentenced to jail for 90 days by Mayor Ladd. They will be turned over to the water and sewer department chiefs, with instructions to work them hard all day, without pay, and at night returned to jail in charge of Sheriff Wilson.

The first to receive such a sentence was a big umbrella mender. He smiled when the mayor said 90 days, as it meant snug quarters for that length of time, but when the working part was added the situation was different. Another hobo named Carney, who just finished a sentence, applied to the sheriff for another night's lodging, but when he heard what would follow Woodbury did not hold him long. There is a camp, or has been up to the other morning on the outskirts of the city for about a dozen men, who have been an annoyance to people. The men "skiddooed," and not one has been seen since.

Has to Race for His Bride.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Taunted for his age by his prospective father-in-law, William A. Klein, who is 40, has challenged the farmer, who is of the same age, to race for the hand of Marie, the daughter, 18. They agreed to run a race of 200 yards. If Klein wins he wins Marie for his wife; if he loses the race he must not visit her again. Marie, who rides a bicycle, is going to train Klein and set a pace for him.

PARTED

A Thanksgiving Memory

The Day of Thanks! 'Tis dull and gray,
And over in the meadow how the leaf-clouds blow!
The Day of Thanks! You're gone today,
And you were here beside me, just a year ago.

The Day of Thanks! Must I bow down,
All thankless in the sorrow that your absence brings?
Ah no, the gold bursts through the brown,
For memories enwrap me, and my sad heart sings!

—"JAC" LOWELL.

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE

A TURKEYLESS THANKSGIVING

The Story of the Three Birds That Were Three Times Won and Lost.

WHEN the railroad builders invaded the great northwest, not seeking a passage to the Pacific coast but rather anticipating the development of an agricultural empire which must have arteries of steel, they were quickly followed by the same class of hardy settlers that had moved westward since the early days. Through the generations that movement has proceeded, slowly at first but ever increasing in speed and volume. Over the Alleghenies, among the woodland and meadow stretches of Ohio and Indiana, across the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, through the Wisconsin and Minnesota forests to the valleys of Dakota and on to Puget sound. The descendants of New Englanders have always been noticeable in the advancing tide of home makers and fortune-builders along those parallels of latitude.

Thanksgiving day as an annual November celebration marked by family reunions and feasting is one of the good things that have persisted among transplanted New England customs. It is now a national event, most generally honored. And the distinguishing feature of this feast-day is the tragedy of that royal fowl, the turkey.

In the first years of the '80's two great rival railroad companies were hastening to secure for themselves in eastern Dakota the rich fields of a traffic yet to come into being. Both had entered the wonderfully fertile James river valley from the east, and as one turned its line northward from Huron the other turned southward from Aberdeen, and the near approach of winter and the close of active operations found the two competing construction camps only a few miles apart. With the advance of the railroads or a little preceding them had come settlers upon the government domain, and though farmers and wheat raisers were in the van, such nomadic and adventurous spirits as land agents and townsie boomers, traders and newspaper men could be discovered even more easily. Early in November work upon the railroad lines halted, and the builders retired to await the opening of spring. At the terminus of each road a little settlement had sprung up, less than a half-dozen structures marking the site of what was hoped to be and already was heralded as the metropolis of the valley.

Upon such a situation steadily but surely crept the Thursday which the president of the United States had chosen as the annual day of thanksgiving, and at the distance of only one short week the fact suddenly dawned upon the clustered intelligence of these two Dakota towns that there was not a turkey in the great Jhu valley north of Sioux Falls, and that 80 miles of windswept prairie lay between a more hopeful field of possible supply at Watertown, near the Minnesota boundary. There is material for a volume of adventure in the account of the two rival expeditions dispatched simultaneously yet with all secrecy on a journey of a hundred and sixty miles for fowls to furnish forth a Thanksgiving dinner, but this story must omit the details. One party returned hilariously successful with the three turkeys that eloquence, strategy and money combined were able to procure in Watertown; the other, downcast, dejected, and pessimistic, came back empty-handed.

To emphasize their victory the successful town announced a prize turkey shoot (at which all but Redfield marksmen were barred), a turkey dinner at the hotel, and a grand ball in the railroad warehouse. This was calculated to make its rival, Ashton, either swell with rage to bursting or wither away in self-abasement and despair.

The fateful day arrived, a gray day with the first flakes of snow in the



All Three Fell Before His Trusty Rifle.

car in spite of his verbal and flaccid protests, and the turkeys were handed over to the hotel proprietor and his cook to be prepared for the grand public dinner.

The short winter day came to an end and darkness fell upon the plain, hardly whitened by the snow that had melted as fast as it had fallen. Suddenly there was great excitement and confusion at the hotel. Nothing was to be found of the cook or of the turkeys which had been roasting for hours in the oven of the hotel range. The chef had been bribed in advance by a wily Ashtonian, and with the first shades of night he had stolen away, figuratively and literally, with the turkeys already done to a turn.

At Ashton all went merrily. The oyster supper began decorously, but when plates bearing small but indubitably genuine slices of turkey, and generous helpings of dressing flanked by quivering masses of crimson cranberry jelly, were swiftly passed down the long table, a wild, exultant shout went up that lifted the roof of the frail hotel structure and shattered the silence of a Dakota night outside.

Among the unspeakable crimes of the great west that are still shrouded in mystery is the bribing of the hotel cook. The briber possibly still lives in luxury, with his secret all his own; in some kitchen far away may still reside the chef who accepted his corrupting fun.